TRENCH NOTFLISTS OF THE DAY. What Bandet and Zola are Poing-The Por-

trait of a Fastionable Woman of Paris. Panis, June 24. - By a curious coincidence, three celebrated French writers have been for ime past working upon the same idea. une ascious of the presence of rivals in the field. The three writers are Alphonse Dau-det, Victorien Sardou, and Jules Claretie. The latter has, to use a samiliar expression, et of the bag," by publishing in arm of a volume, without having followed the usual course of publication by installments, an important novel, "Monsieur le Min stre." M. Ciarette has for several years In which he intended to describe certain sides of political life under the third republic. A Parisian to the finger tips, in love with Paris, but peveriholess not blind to its shortcomings, he wished to seize as they pass the new manners of the day, to sketch that society that is always in a fever of excitement and movement, always meeter, that kermesse of pleasure, with its theatres, its women, its surprises, its breath of seandal, its atmosphere of refined corruption:

in short. Paris in 1881. A patriot and a republican, M. Claretie is none the less a philosopher. While rejoicing in the benefits which the Athenian republic is conferring upon France, he is painfully conscious that a republican government is no more free from paltry intrigue, place hunting. and humbug than any other form of government. He is familiar with the political salons of the preciouses radicales of the day, the Mme. Edmond Adams, the Mme. Grauxs, the Mme, de Briments, who are ready to move heaven and earth in order to have the greatest possible number of Minis-ters at their dinner tables, and whose salons are the ante-chambers of Govern-ment, in which aspiring prefects and would-be ministers must cool their heels and mature their ideas until the mistress of the house doigns to reward their assidulty and crown their hopes. In his new piece, now being played at the Comedie Française, M. Edouard Pailleron has lifted the veil from a corner of his Monde on l'on s'ennuie, in other phrase, "Boredom." M Claretie's heroes move almost entirely in what are called political or administrative circles. "Monsieur le Ministre" himself is a pro-

as if her heels had been made for the carpets of the State; and drawing herself up with pride when, amidst the hubbub of the reception, the usher pronounced in stentorian tones that name which meant the fashionatele household, the menage that is, at all the tetes, Monsieur and Mune, Gerson! While he (the husband), fatigued, weary, having left his office tired, eaten his dinner in haste, got into the carriage in a hurry, accompanied his wire in a hurry, left her to take a nap on an arm chair in the midst of the hall, wake up in haste, returned home in haste, went to bed, elept, and rose again in haste, drawing like a convict his chain, that indefatiable little eranture, who sunted up a some, seduged the others. ture, who smiled up a some, seduced the of wallzed with the thers, dressed for the of and reserved for her husband only her

aches."

If any American lady feels jealous of her fashionable Parisian sisters, it she wonders longingly what it is to be chie, jet her contemplate M. Claretie's picture of a fashionable lamily, with the conviction that, far from being exaggerated, it is rather under-colored. In Parisian society the tyranny of chic surpasses all concention.

exagrerated, it is rather under-colored. In Parisian society the tyranny of chic surpasses all conception.

The publishers, Deniu and Charpentier, have just issued the first volume of the complete works of Alphonse Daulet. The present volume contains "Froment Jeune et Risler Aine," the novel that first made Daudet known to the great reading public. One of the leatures of this library edition will be the prefaces, in which the author intends to narrate the history of his works. He calls them "Histoire de mes Livres." The history of "Froment Jeune" is estecially interesting as autobiography and as showing how the most popular French novelist of the day produces his work—from nature. "I have never had any other way of working," says Daudet. "Just as the painters preserve with care albums of sketches where slinoutettes, attitudes, an effect of foreshortening, a movement of the arm has been noted from life; so, for the past twenty years, I have been collecting a multitude of little note books, in which remarks and thoughts have often but a short line, enough to remind me of a gesture, an intonation, to be developed and enlarged later on for the harmony of the important work. At Paris, when I am travelling, in the country, these little books have grown black with notes without my thinking of the future book. In them are proper names that sometimes I have been unable to change, finding in names a physiognomy—the likeness, as it were, of those who bear them. After the publication of certain of my books, there has been raised a cry of scandal. Keys to them have been published, with lists of celebrated personages, although in my other works my models had been real cersons the works and been real cersons but persons who were unknown and lost in the crowd. Is not this the true way to write novels, that is to say, the history of people who will never have a history?"

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sons, but persons who were unknown and lost in the crowd. Is not this the true way to write novels, that is to say, the history of people who will never have a history?"

Alphonse Daudet, in his charming preface, refers to his habit of composing his books conversationally before beginning to write them. "At Paris in my study, in the country in my waks, I have wearied in this process many a comrade who was little aware of his mute collaboration," says Daudet. The victims of this volubility, however, rarely complain, for, as if in view of this mania, the gods have endowed Daudet with the voice of a charmer.

As I have already said, "Froment Jeune" was the novel that first made Alphonse Dandet known to the great reading public. The nuthor himself was much astonished at his success. The announcement of a second edition surprised him, for hitherto he had only been thoroughly accepted in a small artistic group. Soon edition succeeded edition. Then came requests for permission to translate from Italy, Germany, Spain, Sweden, Denmark: England, too, or rather America, came, but tardily. At that time, in 1874, the little artistic group to which Daudet belonged, used to meet on Sunday afternoons at the rooms of Gustave Faubert in the Rue Murillo, locking upon the Parc Monceau. Once a month the company met at the dinner of "the hissed authors," for at that time none of the group had the privilege of pleasing the public. Gustave Flaubert was oppressed by his partial successes: "Madame Bovary" was set up by the public as an invincible obstacle to the success of "Salammbo" and the "Education Sentimentale." Edmond de Goncourt seemed weary and sick of a great effort which will benefit a whole race of young novelist, and which would leave him, the instigator, unknown; at least he thought so then. "Suddenly," writes Daudet, "I found myself the only one who felt coming to him the vogue of several thousand copies, and I was embarries of value. Every Sunday when I arrived they would ask me: And the editions? How many have you? And e what are called political or administrative of the second provincial lawrest from Gronoblo, who becomes first penty and then Minister of the Interior and President of the Council.

The very night of his appointment, we find the Opera for the first time. Like most lawyers, he had been a student at Paris, but what had been provinced the Council.

The very night of his appointment, we find the Opera for the first time. Like most lawyers, he had been a student at Paris, but what had been provinced to the Council.

The very night of his appointment, we find the Opera for the first time. Like most lawyers, he had been a student at Paris, but what had been on the Latin quarter. The illustration of the Asia had been a student at Paris, but what had been or twice during the Carnival the Four of the Opera for the Latin quarter. The illustration of the Latin quarter, the liber of the Very of the Council of the second to begin for him again. The great man of the nevoluces arrived from found himself there thrown brusquely into the midst of the forger de la dians, all cyce fixed upon him, and aimost intimidated when he saw has were fixed the forger de la dians, all cyce fixed upon him, and aimost intimidated when he saw has were fixed the forger de la dians, all cyce fixed upon him, and aimost intimidated when he saw has were fixed the forger de la dians, all cyce fixed upon him, and aimost intimidated when he saw has were fixed the forger de la dians, all cyce fixed upon him, and aimost intimidated when he saw has were fixed the forger de la dians, all cyce fixed upon him, and aimost intimidated when he saw has were fixed the forger de la dians, all cyce fixed upon him, and aimost intimidated when he saw has were fixed the forger de la dians, all cyce fixed upon him, and aimost intimidated when he saw has were fixed the forger de la dians, all cyce fixed upon him, and aimost intimidated when he saw has been the power of the fixed upon him, and aimost intimidated when he saw has been the power of the fixed upon him, and aimo

LANDING A SWORDFISH.

A Communicative Skipper Dilates on the Fun of Catching in General.

"Now, then, all together!" A swing on the peak halyard of a trim smack, and a fourteen-foot swordfish rose in the air and was skilfully lowered into a dray that had been backed up to the pier for its reception.
"That's what I call a rearer," the Captain of

the vessel said, holding aside the piece of canvas with commendable pride, so that the re-porter could eateh its points. "Just east your eye over that sword. See how sharp it is; and then over the body-how the lines round up. The whole fish is made for speed-h regular privateer. Fine eating, too. This one goes to the market, and I should judge that it weighed 400 pounds. They make the finest kind of steaks. The meat is white and rich and somewhat like a mackerel; in fact, they belong to the mackerel family, so I'm told. It's great sport catching them, but you get used to it, like everything else. I've been in the business twenty-two years, and have caught some pretty up the Sound, off Montauk, on our way to Martha's Vineyard, and as I had an offer to bring some freight here, I brought him in myself. The New England coast is the best place for them, especially around the south of the of the business, about 1,500,000 pounds are caught every year, worth about \$200,000 in round numbers. In the Mediterranean, around about Greece and Italy, the business is nearly as good."

How about these stories of their running Into ships?" "I can youch for one," the Captain replied. "In 1860 I found myself in Ceylon, and, wanting to get home. I shipped on the bark Maud, bound for Liverpool. We were browsing along one day off the Bay of Biscay, stunsalls and everything jammed on her, and I was leaning on the weather cathead when I felt a kind of a shock-just the kind you feel when a ferryboat strikes a piece of ice, only sharper—and the next minute there was something thrashing about near the cutwater that I took to be a whale, but before the skipper got for ard it was gone. We sounded the well that night, and she had made about six inches of water, and we kept the pumps a going off and on, think-ing that we had started a plank. Finally we put into Tynemouth, in the north of England, where the bark was owned, and went into the dry dock. There they found under the bilge about ten inches of the sword of der the bilge about ten inches of the sword of one of these fellows. It had gone through the copper, cak planking, and sil, and broken off short. I heard of another case where a ship was struck in the Indian Ocean, and was damaged so that the owners came down on the insurance companies, who tried to get out by saying it was a put-up job; but they got Prof. Owen, the great English scientific man, into court, and he swore right and left that not only did the swordfash do it, but they got as dangerous as a shot from a cannon. I don't remember the exact words of his testimony, but he said the force of the blow was equal to so many hundred blows from a heavy sledge or a 24-pound shot. Anyhow, they got the insurance.

24-pound shot. Anyhow, they got the insurance.

"We most generally use an iron to catch them, though some use a hook, and the Italians repeat some kind of a lingo when they are out, to coax them up. We have a rest of iron rigged on the jibboom and the striker stands on this while a man in the foretop sings out to the man at the helm how to follow him. I took a party of young Boston fellows out last year. They hired the whole business, and wanted to do the whole thing themselves. They pitched pennies for the places, and when we left Holmes's Hole one was hauging over the crosstrees, another was at the helm, and another in the seat, lashed in like Farragut at Mobile, and there was no end of sport. We finally sighted a fish off Sandwich, and when we got over it the follow in the bow let drive and caught it right in the tail, and off he went, the rope whistling over the side and the boys a dancin' around like mad to keep out of it. We generally make the line fast to a barrel and toss, it over and let the fish thre himself out; but this didn't suit, so they made it fast to the painter of the dory and launched her, and tumbled in just as the slack came taut. The dory jumped ahead and down they went in a heap, and one of them tumbled clean overboard. We picked him in another direction, and the rope got foul with the rowlocks and over she went. They all piled to the wind'ard and managed to keep her up, though ahe half filled. He towed them for a four two miles before he let up at all, and then they commenced to take it, and such hauling and getting hailed you never saw. One minute they would make to or twelve feet on him, and then they commenced to take it, and such hauling and getting hailed you never saw. One minute they would make to or twelve feet on him, and then they do not the man and such about all the time. Hofers we have the man and deagating the dory into the water, so the towed them for a four the line. Hofers we

\$75,000 IN DOG FLESH.

A Bare Collection-Moorefield Kennel and its Titled Leaders of the Caulne Breed.

From the Philadelphia Bourd. Seventy-five thousand dollars is rather an extraordinary sum to invest in dogs, yet Moorefield Kennel, situated a short distance from Belmont Driving Park, in one of the pretties portions of Montgomery County, represents that handsome pile. It is the property of Mr. Aifred H. Moore of this city. It comprises between six and seven acres of land, with a charming residence, well sheded and tastefully laid-out grounds. Everything around the place

is kept scrupulously clean and neat.

The kennel is divided into different departments. In what is called the main building, consisting of a small piece of enclosed ground. there are 32 single kennels, in which are quartered the best dogs of Moorefield. The kennels are eight by six feet, and are divided into a sleeping and an exercise department. The latter has a canvas covering protecting the dogs from the hot rays of the sun, while the floor consists of a patent pavement, which is always kept clean. A trough supplies the occupant regularly with fresh water. The sleeping apartment contains a bench, with a slight sprinkling of straw upon it, while every other part of the kennel indicates that every provision has been made for the health and comfort of the dog. There is plenty of ventilation, a bountiful supply of whitewash is observed everywhere, and the dogs receive a regular amount of exercise daily. Upon the door of each kennel the number and

Upon the door of each kennel the number and name of the dog appear, and between 7 and 8 o'clock they are locked up for the night and released at 6 in the morning. Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon feeding is commenced, the food for the old dogs being principally out and corn meal, rice, cabbares, and meat which is thoroughly cooked. For a change they are given loose food, consisting of bread mixed with broth, and Spatz's patent biscuits. The biscuits are of English manufacture, and are made sepecially to keep the dogs in good condition. The purples are fed three times a day on the very best of flour, Akierney milk, and sugar, and mixed as carefully for them as a child receives its nourishment from a mother.

In another department is the winter gennel, a spacious, well-ventilated place, where all the champion dogs are wintered. The kennel is heated by pipes, and is furnished with all the other necessary conveniences. Adjoining the champion dogs are wintered. The kennel is heated by pipes, and is furnished with all the other necessary conveniences. Adjoining the winter quarters is a room where all the hot and cold water is furnished, besides containing a bath tub, where the dogs are washed at regular intervals. The hospital, which is an absolute necessity to a well-regulated kennel, contains eight separate anartments, contructed specially with a view of affording every facility for the treatment and welfare of the dog. For the puppies and their mothers paddocks are provided, for the purpose of perfecting the development of the little ones and keeping them in a vigorous and healthy condition. When allowed to roam at large the dogs are supplied with water from a trough, divided off so that there can be no quarrelling while drinking, and in a cool, shady spot of the paddock a bench is constructed for the convenience of the dogs who may want a rest. The cook house, which is in a separate building of the establishment, is admirably fitted up, and contains boxes for salt, corn mad, and bread, Scotch catment and rice. The bread is received daily from the Colonnade Hotel. There is a large boiler to cook the food and a refrigerator to preserve the meat in good condition.

Under the guidance of Mr. Benjamin Lewis.

Under the guidance of Mr. Benjamin Lewis.

and a refrigerator to preserve the meat in good condition.

Under the guidance of Mr. Benjamin Lewis, who was formerly connected with the famous Liewellyn Kennel in England, a Record man was introduced yesterday to the champion does. To attain the distinction of champion, a dog is compelled to possess extraordinary merit. In open classes he is expected to win three times, then he must go through a critical examination in company with other winners of open classes, and if he should then carry off the premium as being the best dog, he would be entitled to a champion card. An English champion dog, however, would have to go through a test in the core class before gaining the distinction of champion in this country.

"Now," said Mr. Lewis, unlocking kennel No. 1, "I will show you a dog that has never been beaten in America." This had reference to Champion Leicester, imported English setter, 9 years old, of lemon and white color, by Dan out of Lill II. A friendly call brought Leicester from his beach, and as he ran out into the grassy paddock one could not fail to admire the fine contour of the veteran setter. He is a dog of great length, very deep-chested, well proportioned, and possesses a fine disposition. He is a splendid field dog, is very fast, and in the champion class for imported English setters at the late bench show in New York Leicester with the late bench show in New York Leicester with the late bench show in New York Leicester with the late bench show in New York Leicester with the late bench show in New York Leicester with the late bench show in New York Leicester with the late bench show in New York Leicester with the late bench show in New York Leicester with the late bench show in New York Leicester with the dog of kennel No. 2 was thrown open and a handsome blue belion setter bounded out; one of the most totel dags in America for field trials and beath shows." Of the pure Laverack stock, whith is considered the cornerstance of setter breeding. Thunder possesses such remarkable proofs of excellence

The state of the s

Fred is a son of Count Wind'em. Count Fred is an excellent field dog, and has won a field trial as a puppy in the West. He will be entered in the Derby this sensor. And the will be chered in the Derby this sensor. And the will be entered in the Derby this sensor. And the will be entered in the Derby this sensor have the will be been and fine family of pointers. He has a fine head and neck, is strong about the body and limbs, and for size is said to be the largest pointer in America. Basio has carried off three first prizes—one in St. Louis, one in the litten in New York, where he defeated the Canadian pointer Tramp, son of Sensation.

A benutful small pointer deg under 55 pounds is Le Guy, liver and white, 3 years old, by Champion Bane, out of Jane. Le Guy has quite a prominent, well-shaped head, clean-cut neck set on a good pair of shoulders, finely moulded body, and a capital set of limbs, Last fail Le Guy, and a capital set of limbs, Last fail Le Guy, and a capital set of limbs, Last fail Le Guy, and a capital set of limbs, Last fail Le Guy and the set of the

PUEBLOS RACING.

A Novel Contest at San Juan-The Olympian

The march past ended, the Governor of San Juan-for each pueblo has a Governor of its own nomination and election—gravely walked down to clear the course. In his hand he bore as a sceptre what seemed to be a bottle of whiskey, but what in reality was a whiskey bottle filled with gunpowder, that he distributed as largesse to the ludians with guns, and behind him came a company of guards in their filest clothes, bearing green branches and

A YOUNG PASTOR'S CAREER, Quitting the Ministry and Abandoning his

KINGSTON, N. Y., July 8,-Nine years ago the Rev. William C. Fowler, a young Methodist clergyman, was located in Esopus, near this city. He had just been admitted to the ministry. Matthew De Graff, an old and esteemed citizen, was a member of the church, and between his daughter Ella and the young pastor an attachment was formed, which soon ripened into love. At length the pastor asked Mr. De Graff for the hand of his daughter in marriage. Mr. De Graff thought that both were too young. and tried to persuade the young man to tarry yet a while in single blessedness. Fowler persisted, saying that he was anxious to have a home, and at length Mr. De Graff consented, and the couple were married. A short time afterward Mr. Fowler was stationed in Stockport. Here his domestic life was not very pleasant, the young elergyman often delivering curses instead of offering prayers. As this occurred in his own home, the outside world knew nothing about it. A call was extended to him about six years ago by the Reformed Church of Stuyvesant Fails. He then quit the Methodist persuasion, joined the Classis, and became the pastor of the above named church. He got along very well as a Reformed minister until about a year ago, when, returning home from church one Sumiay, he turned to his wife and said: "I'm — if I'm going to be a minister any longer." The next day he sent in his resignation. Before the following Sunday arrived he changed his mind and wished to withdraw his resignation. His wife and others interceded, and his resignation was not acted upon. He continued to preach a month longer, when in another of his frantic spelis he again sent in his resignation. This time it was immediately acted upon and his connection with the church severed. He then obtained a letter of withdrawal from the Classia and he and his wife returned to the residence of Mr. De Graff in Esopus. After the nomination of Hancock last fail, Fowler said to his wife that he was going out West to stump for the Democratic candidate for President, as he could do better by that than by preaching the Gospel. One day last fail, accompanied by his wife and her father, he came to this city, and kissing his wife good-by, started West on his stumping teur. Nothing was heard of him for a long time, and his whereabouts was unknown. A short time ago his wife received what purported to be a legal document from Fargo. Datota, stating that an absolute divorce had been granted Fowler. Fowler is held in high esteem, they have he first entered the ministry. H and tried to persuade the young man to tarry yet a while in single blessedness. Fow-ler persisted, saying that he was anxious

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A TEAMSTER.

Solomon Gage, though only a teamster all his life, was as well known, personally and by reputation, not only in Rhode Island, but in a great part of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and the eastern portion of Connecticut, as any man among us. His teaming in his early manhood carried him often to Boston, to Worcester, all up the valley of the Blackstone, and to Windham and New London Counties, and wherever he went he was sure to be known, and pleasantly and favorably known. He was born in Bedford, N. H. His inther, Solomon Gage, a schoolmaster and farmer, was much respected in that neighborhood. His mother was Dollie Chace. They were healthful people, and reared to maturity thirteen children, five sons and eight daughters. The subject of this sketch came to Providence some lorty-five years ago and more, to seek his fortune, and let himself at first to a Mr. Adams as a driver of teams, but by prudence and economy he soon got the means to purchase a horse, the famous gray stallion John Riley, so well known for so many years.

John Riley was Mr. Gage's first love. He was

John Riley was Mr. Gage's first love. He was John Riley was Mr. Gage's first love. He was a splendid animal, and for many years the leader of his tandem teams. Mr. Gage kept him until he died, and buried him with funeral honors in his stable yard in Snowtown.

During my first recollection of Mr. Gage, if I mistake not, he was living on Orange street, on the opposite corner south from Dr. Louis Leprelette Miller's famous office. But I must not dwell on that last name and the memory of that most wonderful man. It would carry me off into a tangent, and I should not get back to Mr. Gage before night.

Mr. Gare was at this time engaged in the trucking business, and was Captain-General

counsel. Then Mr. Gage, Mr. Hart, and myself went to my old office on College street. I have often wished that some of the younger members of the bar could have witnessed that scene. When Mr. Hart, turning to Gage, said, "What relatives have you got?" said he. "I have the sisters, the best women in the world, and it would break their hearts, it would kill them, to know what a situation I am in;" and the great hig tears flowed the white adown his convulsed face. I saw that Hart was in full sympathy with him. We adjourned at once, and Charlie told me afterward that he felt from that moment that it was all over with Brother Hayes, and so it was, for on Monday, although Mr. Hayes made a most able effort, he couldn't get the jury. Mr. Gage was discharged, and then there were other tears," copious, gusling tears, not of subjection and slavery, but of exultation and victory."

I don't believe that I ever did any other accused man any good but one, and that was a little Scotch sailor of the name of John D. Hay, indicted for murder some seventeen years ago, and I should never have got him zieur but for Lyourgus Saylea.

An Eaglish briz, with a load of coal from the British provinces, landed at Fox Point, and four of the sailors on a drunken spree in a house near by killed a man. I happened to be waiting in the old Courtof Magistrates in Collegestreet, on the morning when John D. Hay was bound over on the charge of murder, upon the testimony of his three companions, who had turned State's witnessee against him. Lycurgus Sayles, who was sitting by me, turned round and said: "Uncle Ned, do you think it right for that man to be convicted upon such testimony?" I said, "No." Said he, "Will you go in for him?" With all my heart." I responded, "if you will ioin me; and we do sail in for the little sailor with a vengeance.

Col. Rocers was Attorney-General. We had two trials. The jury failed to agree the first time, and when we came to a second trial I said to Mr. Sayles: "Our difficulty is that capital punishment of inprisonmen

John D. Hay was acquitted, and we have never seen him since.

OREGON'S OLDEST PIONEER.

The Man who Came Bown the Columbia Sixty-four Years Ago.

From the Portland Oroganian.

Andra Lashapelle, without doubt the oldest pioneer of Oregon, died at St. Vincent Hospital, in this city, on the 11th inst. At the time of his death Lashapelle and resided sixty-four years in Oregon and forty years on the French Prairie. He was born in Meatreal, Canado, Ang. 14. 781. He left his home in Montreal in March, 1817, having hired to the Hudson Bay Company for a term of three years. He came thorse was the home in Montreal in March, 1817, having hired to the Hudson Bay Company for a term of three years. He came to three was the how the home in Montreal in March, 1817, having hired to the Hudson Bay Company for a term of three years. He came to the own that he had to be a seried to be the how the he had to be a seried to be a seried to go up with a boat least a star as the boat encampment move called Rig Rend, and wait until the voyagers could come from the other side of the Rocky Meantains and take them down the Columbia, it was the highest freshet ever knows; to white or Indians in Oregon. There were very lew places where they could find a camping ground. When they passed the prairie where Vancouver now stands) there was ten feet of water all over the prairie. He reached For George afte and sound and remained there until 1824. That year lar, John Me. oughlin came as chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company and gave orders to remove all the goods and movable property to the place now called Vancouver. Lashapelle remained at that place until the year 1829.

That apring he crossed the Rocky Mountains and went as far as Hudson Hay, partly with the intention of going home to Camada the he hired again and came back to Vancouver the same year, and remained until 1826. Has thoughts were still of home, and he again time though four the first had place and moved the sum of the prairie may be an an and the seath the entition of reaching his parental avea. He went up the first houghts were still of home, and he again and came back to Vancouver, and remained there until the year lest.

In the spring of that year las

Mollie Schultz and the Catamount.

From the Daties Herod.

Miss Mollie Schultz of Montague County is the champion lady said of Montague County is the champion lady said of this section. She is ready with editer a rife or a shoigan and handles the pistol with great skill. The stay steemen, accompanied by a gentleman friend, she mounted her missing and rode into the words to kill some squirrels for supper. They met with good lock, and most every shot brought down a tenny. Her companion had killed two more than she had, and she was becamming to feel somewhat paued over being outdone when they both spied a large catamount in the tennied branches of a fail tree. Eager to be at his companion, he first three shots in rapid succession at it, missing it each time, when Miss Schultz fred her first and only shot, which took effect. The minimal sprang from the tree, lighting on her horse beind her,